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UNCLE MORT'S THANKSGIVING



By ALICE LOUISE LEE
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WHEN a man stands on the verge of nervous prostration, ready to slide over any minute, it's time for him to change climates. I realized come Thanksgiving time that I was fixin' to take the slide, so I rented my place and am searchin' out a spot destitute of hens and women. That combination cost me forty-five pounds of good flesh and more language than I've cast loose in years before.

You see, the Peters place lays alongside of mine—houses not more'n twenty-five feet apart. A year ago it was rented to some girls—graduates of an agricultural institute asylum that

does business as the La Plume Agricultural college. Then graduates had made a scientific study of hens and laid out to show folks how a hen farm ought to be run.

They landed on the Peters premises, with 100 Brown Leghorns, a few turkeys and enough assurance to run a county campaign. They discovered me the first day, and a mighty fine discovery to 'em I've proved to be. They begun callin' me "Uncle Mort" as soon as they sighted me and acted like I'd been born 160 years ago for the express purpose of waitin' on them!

There's four of 'em, and each has just as little sense as the others unless it's Helen. She's the youngest, and has either more or less, I hain't decided which yet. She's little and thinks she's cute. They always sent her over to ask me to do any of them little acts of "neighborly kindness" that kept me on the jump for a year. Her plan of attack was to hook her hands over my arm and shake her topknot over my eyes and lip in baby talk to her "dear Uncle Mort" until I felt so like an idiot I couldn't think of a blamed excuse for not doin' such "neighborly



HEN "DEAR UNCLE MORT."

kindnesses" as squeezin' into a two-foot space under the barn to kill a woodchuck or climb on to the roof durin' a thunder shower to fix the lightning rod or buryin' a batch of Brown Leghorns.

I didn't object to this last job because I knew the poor critters longed to go. They didn't have half a chance to live or lay, they got such a lot of scientific care. They wa'n't let alone one minute in the twenty-four hours, and there's a hen under the canopy that's fond of solitude and its own society it's the Brown Leghorn. They'll take a twenty foot board fence backwards any day at the swish of a skirt, and skirts never stopped swishin' around that henhouse. The poor things got reduced to pinfeathers and wishbones. They made a break for liberty whenever they see a chance, and they see a good many chances last winter when there was just 'enough crust on the snow to hold them up—and let me through at every jump. I chased 'em until I got thin as they was and as low in spirits.

I got so'st I couldn't sleep nights thinkin' of their sufferin', and when Thanksgiving brought Billings I clutched at him as a drownin' man grabs a straw. He ain't very strawlike in appearance, bein' six feet one and over 200 pounds, but in him I thought I see sort of a 'Thanksgivin' for the hens

One day the last of November Helen come bilin' and coolin' around over her "dear Uncle Mort." I sized her up and waited. I wondered whether it would be mendin' the hen yard fence or doin' the full house cleanin' or what not. I wasn't long findin' out. Wouldn't I be dear and lovely enough to allow Mr. Billings to sleep in my house and take his breakfasts with me? Then she blushed. He was a man she just happened to know, and he just happened to be passing through New Jersey a few days before Thanksgiving, and it happened that it would be convenient for her to entertain him, includin' his dinners and lunches, if her dear Uncle Mort would do the rest.

Well, as all the fools ain't dead yet, her dear Uncle Mort let him come. He proved a likely fellow, with a heap of common sense back of the homeliest face I ever saw move on legs. That is, he exhibited a deal of sense until he had been with that youngest hen farmer awhile. Then he lost it all. Got so he couldn't tell whether his head set on his shoulders or mine or whether his feet was located under him or over him. He left his shoes on his pillow and his white tie in the wash bowl. He dumped gravy in his coffee and poured cream on his bread until I was considerin' sendin' for a lunatic asylum with the idea of havin' it patronized extensively around that hen farm, when I woke up to the fact that he hadn't lost all his head. There was a corner left, and it was devoted to raisin' hens.

He was a farmer's son, and all the law he had put into his cranium hadn't knocked out the previous knowledge about hens. As soon as I realized that fact I tried to organize him into a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Brown Leghorns. I sneaked him out to the girls' hen lot and told him what them Leghorns had to put up with. I asked him if he ever see hens before with such loppin', discouraged lookin' combs.

He looked at 'em thoughtfully and chewed a straw. Then he allowed that they did look a bit under the weather.

"What's the reason?" says he.

"Reason," says I gloomily. "Such a word ain't in use around these premises. Them hens have put up with enough lack of reason to kill 'em. You ought to have been here last summer. First hot day after they fell into this lunatic poultry scrape they went around hangin' their bills open, but they've never tried it since. The girls thought they had the gaps and acted accordingly. They caught them sweet-terin' birds and poured so much kerosene down 'em that the critters had sense enough to keep out of the sun for days for fear they'd explode!"

Says Billings solemnly, "Do you swear to that statement?"

"Yes," says I, "when I ain't swearin' at it."

Says I, "Now look at that rooster. He is the peckedest it wasn't thought-critter the sun 'ful of him."

ever shone on—looks for all the world like a henpecked husband. His eyes are almost turned wrong end about from lookin' behind him so much to see what new kink is comin'. He ain't crowded once since the red pepper campaign in September. It was moutlin' season, only the girls didn't sense it. They'd never heard of hens moutlin', and when they see so many feathers blowin' around loose Helen come over and borrowed a few pounds of red pepper. She explained that there was microbes workin' at the roots of the feathers and that pepper blowed inside would kill 'em. She didn't make it plain which would be killed, but time did. About half of the hens died, and that old rooster got so much of the hot stuff inside him that he thought he'd been overlooked by the day of judgment. He thinks so yet. He ain't crowded since."

That finished Billings. He saw the sufferin' of them hens and remonstrated. He couldn't have done a worse thing for the hens or himself—or me—as it turned out.

He begun Thanksgiving afternoon. I suppose he thought he'd got along far enough to give advice. It was as warm as September that day, and they was settin' out on an upheaved rock in their back yard while I wrestled with their henhouse door, which had dropped off its trolley arrangement. He begun by mildly suggestin' that they'd get eggs if they'd just drop the hens awhile from their callin' list and let 'em scratch for themselves.

Helen stiffened, as I could see out of the tail of my eye, and asked where he'd made a study of hens. He said he hadn't studied 'em. He'd made a point of arguin' 'em back on his father's farm, and the process had agreed with both him and the hens.

She got stiffer and stiffer. Said she had made a special classroom study of them under one of the most scientific farmer professors in America and had learned that the best results ensued if the birds was made perfectly familiar with the human voice!

He sort of indicated in a general and inoffensive way that hens rather hear themselves squawk than any one else.

That's all I heard, but I wa'n't a bit surprised at the result. He generally come in nights pretty late with his homely face lookin' as if St. Peter had opened the gate a crack. That night he come in early lookin' like he'd glimpsed another spot. He set down and told me all about it, blubberin' like a six-year-old. While the quarrel had begun on hens, it hadn't stayed there. As near as I could make out, the difference had ended by includin' everything in heaven above or earth below. Them hens had played the mischief with his Thanksgiving, that wa' sure!

Then I did something I'm ashamed

THE "DODGING PERIOD"

of a woman's life, is the name often given to the "change of life." Your menses come at long intervals, and grow scantier until they stop. Some women stop suddenly. The entire change lasts three or four years, and it is the cause of much pain and discomfort, which can, however, be cured, by taking

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freely and frankly, telling us all your troubles. We will send Free Advice (in plain, sealed envelope). Address: Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

"EVERYTHING BUT DEATH"

I suffered," writes Virginia Robson, of Easton, Md., "until I took Cardui, which cured me so quickly it surprised my doctor, who didn't know I was taking it."



SHE REPROACHED ME.

to own. I offered to mix in. I said that I was sure her dear Uncle Mort would have some influence with her. So I mixed in and found out that her dear Uncle Mort could have minded his own business with advantage. I went over to see her. There was a deal of talkin' done first and last, but I remember I didn't do much of it myself. She would never, never, never marry Mr. Billings. He was too bossy. (That was hens!). He had too big an idea of himself. (Hens again.) She would never, never live with a man who did not place a higher value on her brains. (Again, hens.) She was grateful she had found him out in time. And then, shades of Ebenezer, if she didn't fall to and pitch into me! She reproached me for havin' harbored him. She said that if I had remonstrated with her when she asked my advice about his comin' she would have been spared all this. At that I mopped my face and come home. The last thing I heard just outside my door was that she should devote her life to bringin' up hens the way they ought to go.

That was the first and last "match-makin'" job I ever tackled voluntarily. Next mornin' I was back into the business involuntarily.

That morn' Billings come downstairs to breakfast deaf, dumb and blind. He looked as if he'd lost his last friend except me. I had reason to wish before many hours that he'd lost me. After breakfast he wrung my hand and rose at the wire, picked up his grip and started for the train. I have two doors in my sittin' room close together. One leads into the hall and one don't. He opened the one that don't and landed on the stone floor of my cellar.

It wasn't very thoughtful of him to do it, seein' there's only one of me and more than enough of him for two, but I done my best with the fragments. I gathered 'em up and carted 'em upstairs. The doctor and I fitted the pieces together as near as we could judge where they belonged and stretched the result on the parlor couch. There's no gettin' around the fact that Billings is homely when he is whole, but viewed as a lot of fragments, he was enough to give a man the nightmare. His left arm was bandaged. His lip was sewed. His right eye and forehead was done up. The rest of his face was held down by court plasters.

Of course I didn't send for Helen. I thought I'd miss her a bigger fool than I knew I was, but I didn't. It seemed I'd left undone just what I'd ought to do, and it didn't take me long

to find it out either. I had started for the well, when she come racin' and boobooin' across the back yard from the henhouse. She seemed out of breath, but she wa'n't. She had enough left to stop and tackle me with on the spot. I learned more in two minutes about my general disposition and tendencies than I'd learned before in forty-five years.

Why had I left her darlin' in rough men's hands when there was a-lovin' in him to distraction only a few feet away? Why was I so insensible to her feelin's as not even to send her news of his condition? And didn't I realize I was guilty of murder in the first degree to have a cellar door next my hall door?

This wa'n't all, but it's a fair sized specimen. She disappeared inside the door like a small moonbeam, leavin' me staggered. After I'd recovered some I went in and found her on her knees in front of the couch kissin' every spot she could find vacant on that chap's face. And after she got through with it each spot looked better than a whole face taken together does ordinary. But it was her language that I couldn't stand. It wasn't exactly on the order that she'd been usin' to me, and I judged it wa'n't exactly what he'd been used to hearin' from her either, but I gathered from her remarks that she was ready to give up hen raisin' and devote herself to fragments.

About that time I bolted. There is things that a sensible man like me can't stand up against. I went out on the back stoop, and there I found I wa'n't the only critter that was makin' a break for liberty. Helen had left the hen yard gate open, and every bird was makin' a bee line for parts unknown. Then and there I see my wish. I see I'd be called on to hunt stray hens till Christmas, and I decided on this here healthful change of climate.

I set down on the spot and wrote an advertisement. I showed up all the advantages of rentin' a nest like the country place with all the improvements, includin' delightful neighbors so near by. In less'n a week that ad. had done the business. Just passin' my troubles along to some man? Not by a long shot. I wouldn't be so underhanded. I rented my premises to a widow and two small children—lively little chaps. I hear that cherubs' smiles are like new here!

Read The Journal's Want Columns



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PHONE 183.

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E. W. LAWRENCE, Proprietor. No 3 West Romana St., Pensacola, Fla.

CATARRH, FOUL BREATH

If You Continually K'hawk and Spit and There is a Constant Dripping From the Nose Into the Throat, If You Have Foul, Sickening Breath, That is Catarrh. CURED THROUGH THE BLOOD BY B. B. B.

Is your breath foul? Is your voice husky? Is your nose itchy? Do you sneeze at night? Do you sneeze a great deal? Do you have frequent pains in the forehead? Do you have pains across the eyes? Do you lose your sense of smell? Is there a dropping in the throat? Are you losing your sense of taste? Are you gradually getting deaf? Do you hear buzzing sounds? Do you have ringing in the ears? Do you suffer with nausea of the stomach? Is there a constant bad taste in the mouth? Do you have a hacking cough? Do you cough at night? Do you take cold easily? If so, you have catarrh. Catarrh is not only dangerous in this way, but it causes ulcerations, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and reaches to general debility, idleness and insanity. It needs attention at once. Cure it by taking Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). It is a quick, radical, permanent cure because it rids the system of the poison germs that cause catarrh. Blood Balm (B. B. B.) purifies the blood, does away with every symptom, giving strength to the entire mucous membrane, and B. B. B. sends a rich, sinuating flood of warm, pure blood direct to the paralyzed nerves, mucus membrane bones and joints, giving warmth and strength just where it is needed, and in this way making a perfect, lasting cure of catarrh in all its forms.

DEAFNESS

If you are gradually growing deaf or are already deaf or hard of hearing, try Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). Most forms of deafness or partial deafness are caused by catarrh, and in curing catarrh by B. B. B., thousands of men and women have had their hearing completely restored. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) is pleasant and safe to take. Thoroughly tested for ingredients. Strengthens Weak Stomachs, cures Dyspepsia. Price \$1.00 per large bottle. Take as directed. If not cured when right quantity is taken, money refunded. Sample sent free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe your trouble. B. B. B. purifies the blood, does away with every symptom, giving strength to the entire

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10 o'clock a. m. Dec. 1, 1905, at store of

J. I. STEPHENS

will be sold the entire stock of JEWELRY, accounts and fixtures (cash value approximately, \$25,000.00) of the late J. I. Stephens, reserving the right to reject any or all bids.

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